

safe in metropolitan cities and Main Street USA know this firsthand. One of the viscous subplots of this economic turmoil is that crime and the need for police services undoubtedly will increase. The small town rural police department may be the only Government entity that answers the phone in the middle of the night when a citizen has just lost a job and is contemplating suicide. A sheriff's deputy or police officer dispatched to the scene might be the only direct intervention that this citizen has with a government service. If there are not enough deputies or officers to go around, the response to this cry for help may be delayed or, worse yet, might not get there in time. When you reframe this issue relative to the scenario that I just laid out, it troubles me deeply and impresses upon me just how much our rural law enforcement community needs this reauthorization.

REMEMBERING HARRY ROBERTS

Mr. BARRASSO. Mr. President, today I wish to honor the life of a true Wyoming gentleman, a public servant, a veteran, a father to five girls, and—I am privileged to say—a friend.

Kearsley Harrison Roberts, better known to us as Harry Roberts of Kaycee, WY, died today, January 28, 2009, in Vero Beach, FL.

Harry Roberts was really a renaissance man, the kind of which are the lore of Western legends.

He was a Yale-educated sheep rancher, a Navy veteran of "the greatest generation," an expert in public education—successfully elected statewide as Superintendent of Wyoming's public schools, a leader in Wyoming economic policy, and most of all he was a caring father.

I think we can imagine what brought him the most joy his family and of course, his five spirited daughters Mandy, Joan, Sheila, Ginny, and Susan.

Harry led quite a ranch crew. Picture five girls growing up on the Wyoming wildlands in the same area where Butch Cassidy and the Hole in the Wall Gang stowed rustled livestock and outran the law.

This was north central Wyoming, Barnum, a small community near Kaycee where to this day more rodeo cowboys than any one town in the West call home.

They call this part of Johnson County, WY, Outlaw Country, and after an eastern education, it inspired one western soul to work a sheep ranch for the love of the Wyoming way of life.

Harry Roberts found home and heart on this ranch, and today, I like to think of him back on his range, with the great western sky warming his big, signature smile.

Wyoming's Harry Roberts was the genuine Wyoming gentleman.

He was also the proud father-in-law to this body's beloved former colleague, U.S. Senator Craig Thomas. Harry's daughter Susan Roberts Thom-

as married Craig Thomas and the two were inseparable in life.

Susan, I speak for so many here in this Chamber and for all of Wyoming when I say our thoughts and prayers are with you today and with your entire family.

We grieve, as we did for Craig, the natural end of a purposeful life.

We recall a man who served his State, his country, and his family selflessly.

And we say, we remember Harry, as we do Craig, because of what he did and how he did it always with distinction and with honor.

Harry is and always will be a proud and patriotic member of the "greatest generation."

In fact he was what sailors call a "plank owner."

At that time, a "plank owner" referred to an individual who was a member of the crew of a ship when that ship was placed in commission. As part of the vessel decommissioning and disposal process, the Navy formerly removed a small portion of the deck as a traditional reminder of the time when "wooden walls and iron men" were a key part of the Navy.

In Harry's case, it was a boat—a submarine in fact.

After his military service Harry worked and lived in Wyoming, eventually running for superintendent of Public Instruction in 1967. Harry was known as a reformer of course and someone who cared deeply for Wyoming children.

In 1970, in one of the closest races in Wyoming's history, Harry lost a race for Wyoming's lone U.S. House race losing by only 608 votes to Teno Roncalio.

Harry was a leader in our State on issues that went well beyond education. He served as director of the Wyoming Heritage Foundation and counted many successes during an especially exciting and challenging time in our State's history.

It was at the Heritage Foundation that my wife, then Bobbi Brown, first met Harry and learned so much under his guidance for several years.

Harry personified the Wyoming Heritage Foundation's mission for a strong, prosperous, diverse and sustained economy for the citizens of Wyoming. His goals and initiative are felt to this day.

More recently after his retirement, he returned to Washington often to visit his daughter Susan and to see his son-in-law Craig Thomas.

Susan became a teacher of course, following in the footsteps of her father who held the profession so highly.

It was in May of 2004 that Senator Thomas hosted a very special reception along with Vice President Cheney here in Washington.

Craig invited Harry and his fellow "plank owners" to be recognized along with the dedication of the National World War II Memorial on the National Mall.

It was a special occasion to acknowledge and pay tribute to the duty, sacrifices, and valor of all the members of the Armed Forces of the United States who served in World War II.

And it was also for Harry and his fellow sailors.

I have talked to several folks who were there that day. I know the pride that Susan and Craig felt for their father, for his service, and for his example.

I will end now with the Navy Hymn, a song and a benediction that Harry would have heard often at sea in service to our country. I will recite the first and last verse.

Eternal Father, Strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty Ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee,
for those in peril on the sea.
O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them where-so-ever they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee,
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

REMEMBERING THE SHURRAB FAMILY

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, we have all seen the photographs of houses, schools and other civilian infrastructure destroyed in Gaza, and the reports of civilian deaths, including over 400 children, and many thousands more injured. Behind each of these statistics is a story of a family tragedy. I want to take this opportunity to talk about one that has touched the lives of Vermonters, and which should cause each of us deep concern.

Amer Shurrab is a recent graduate of Middlebury College, which is located not very far from my home in Vermont. Amer is also a Palestinian, whose family was living in Gaza during the recent Israeli invasion. His father, Muhammed Kassab Shurrah, is a farmer who grows fruits and vegetables on a small plot of land.

On January 16, Amer's father and brothers were returning home with provisions from their farm during the 3-hour humanitarian cease-fire that was in effect that day. Although there was apparently no indication that the route was unsafe for a civilian vehicle carrying civilian passengers, Israeli soldiers fired from a civilian house at their car as it passed for reasons that remain unknown. In a panic, Amer's brother, Kassab, already wounded, got out of the vehicle and was shot a total of 18 times and died a short distance away. Israeli bullets also hit Amer's father and younger brother Ibrahim, who were unable to leave the car to get medical attention because Israeli soldiers refused to allow movement in or out of the area.

Muhammed tried everything he could to save his son Ibrahim, who was bleeding to death before his eyes. He phoned a hospital with his cell phone, but the hospital told him the Israeli Army was